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UTILIZING UNCLE SAM.

UNCLE SAM must be surprised at the uses to which he is put. The latest use of the powers of the United States Government is to prevent the Public Service Commission from proceeding to compel the improvement of the street car service in Manhattan and the Bronx.

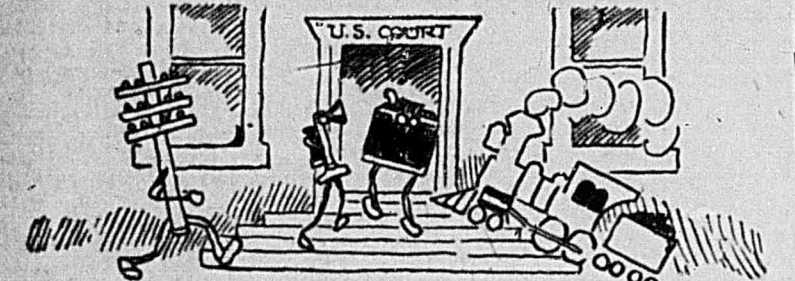
The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, passed a bill last spring, which the Governor signed, creating a commission whose duty it is to see that the public service corporations of this city furnish a good service to the public at reasonable rates. This commission began its work by taking testimony as to present and past conditions.

It appeared from the evidence given by railroad officials themselves that the car mileage is less now on several avenues than it was two years ago, and that the schedules were so arranged as to overcrowd the cars. It costs little more to carry a carload where every seat is filled and every strap has a human hanger than to transport an empty car. Accordingly, the object of the management was to pack the passengers as tightly as possible that their profits might be as large as possible.

This was unlawful.

Different street railroad franchises provided that the public should have seats and be transported comfortably. The only reason for not giving them seats was that it would require the running of more cars and diminish the profit.

These facts having been made clear, the Public Service Commission proceeded to direct the purchase of additional cars and the arrangement of schedules so that as many passengers as possible should have seats.



The operating company, the New York City Railway, then went to a Federal court and had receivers appointed. These receivers knew beforehand they would be appointed. Somehow or other they guessed what the Federal court would do in this matter, just as some Wall street speculators guessed in advance what Referee Masten's decision in the 80-cent gas case would be.

Then when the Public Service Commission met on Thursday to conduct a hearing on its orders the attorneys for the New York City Railway appeared and filed a copy of the order of the Federal court, which stopped further proceedings.

This railroad company is a domestic corporation. It is created by the laws of the State of New York. Its cars, tracks, power-houses and franchises are all located in New York City.

From now on until the Federal court releases its grip neither the Legislature of New York, nor the Governor of New York, nor the courts of New York, nor the people of New York, can have anything to say about the management or the affairs of this corporation.

If the State of New York wants an additional street car run it will have to apply to a Federal court for that privilege. If it wants any improvement the Federal court will decide.

The forefathers who wrote and voted for the Constitution of the United States would turn in their graves if they realized the purposes to which it has been put.

Letters from the People.

Men and Housework.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks if it is a man's place to do housework. I do not blame a man for finding fault with a wife who makes him scrub floors and iron clothes. A man cannot do his own work and be compelled to do his wife's also. If a woman is a good industrious mother she will not care to have the father of her children pointed out as a drudge to them. Therefore, if she makes up her mind to do her own work she will find her husband will cease to find fault with her. I am a mother of seven children. I do all my own work, besides being a widow and compelled to support the children.
S. A. L.

Origin of the "13" Hooey?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read a query "Why is 13 called unlucky?" The prejudice against 13 is more superstition and originated from the fact that at the Lord's Supper, previous to His betrayal, there were 13 persons present: the 12 disciples and Our Lord. And one of the 12 was Judas, ANDEVLES.

Lightning's Freaks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to the question of the immunity of tin roofed houses from lightning, electricity will always follow the shortest path to attain its objective point; hence the reason that towers, trees, high buildings, etc., are frequently struck. Nearly all kinds of metals are good conductors for electricity, hence if an iron pole, a steel smokestack, a tin roofed house, or similar object, receives the discharge, there is seldom any damage done, as a good path to the earth is offered and the current reaches its objective point with little interference or resistance. On the other hand, if the discharge reaches a wooden pole, tree, or

similar object, in its efforts to overcome the resistance interposed in its path the lightning will frequently tear the object to pieces. Railroad trains, buildings covered with metal, steel battle-ships, etc., are more frequently hit than are those which are not such good conductors for electricity, but it is very seldom that any damage results as they afford an easy path for the current into the earth, or water, which is its objective point. Tin roofed houses are frequently hit, but I do not know of any case where damage has resulted, simply on account of the afore-said reasons.
R. A. JENKS

High Cost of Living.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can any of your readers give a logical explanation of the cause for the high priced foods, clothes, rents, etc., of to-day? And what will the result and the limit be? Does not history sometimes repeat itself?
E. F. B.

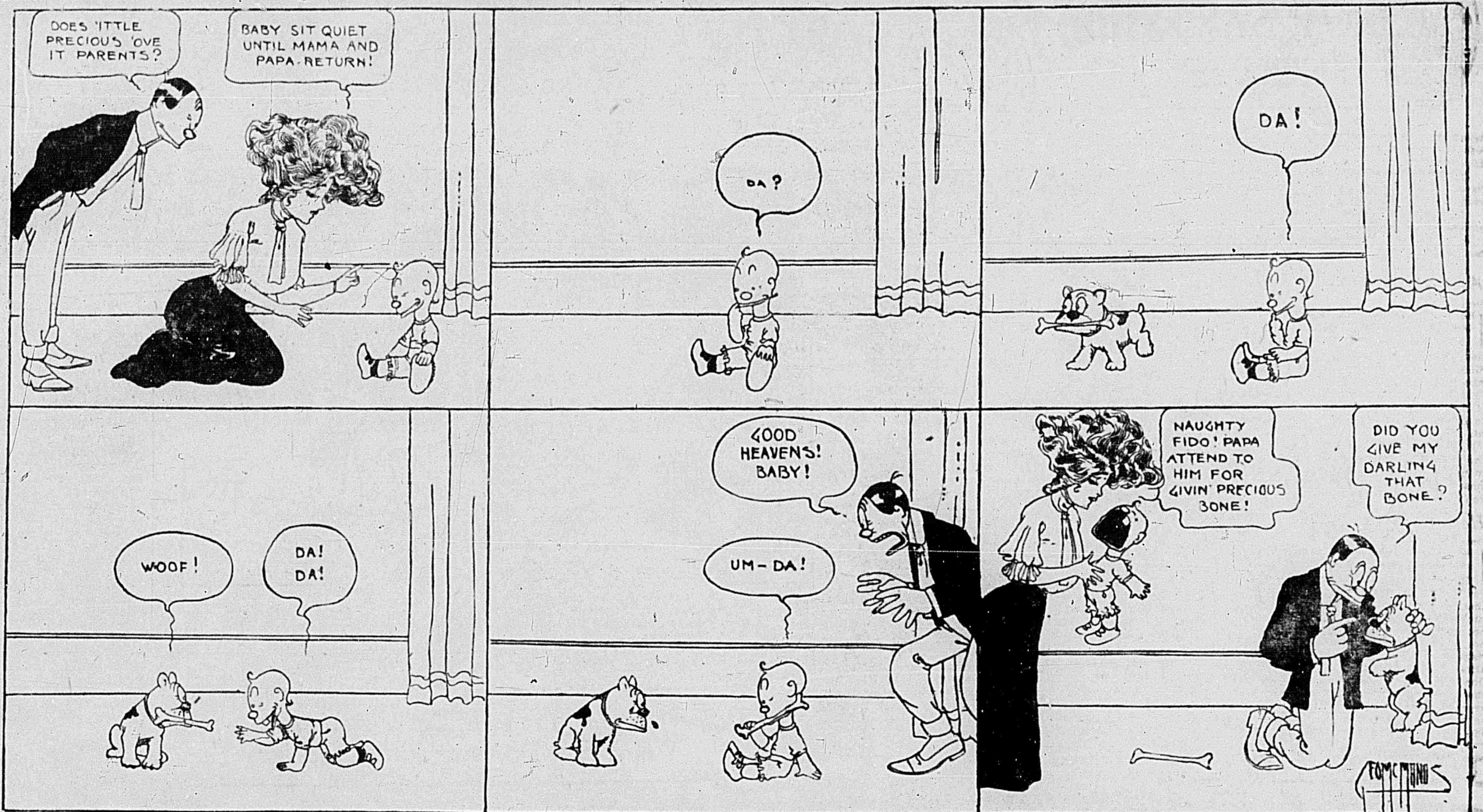
Foreign Head on Coin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Again in speaking of the new head on our American coins, I think it a shame to have a foreign woman pose for the design on our money, and I think the United States Government is making very little of our American girls to take a foreigner as a model. I think if any European country was selecting a model for its coinage it would not look to America for one. I think all true American men ought to feel very indignant over this matter.
AMERICAN GIRL

Office or Trade?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some experienced reader kindly tell me whether it is best for a boy to work in an office or take up a trade? I would like to take up electrical engineering. I am sixteen and a half years of age.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Section.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists.

The Chorus Girl. By Roy L. McCardell.



"DEAR me! I wish them newspapers would stop publishing their 'affinity' stories," said the Chorus Girl. "They've got Mamma De Brancome running the bases after the game's called, and we ain't had a regular used at the flat in weeks. She doesn't know whether she's legally free or not, but she says if she can only get next to an affinity whose autograph is good at the bank she's willing to let bygones be bygones with any of her husbands that's living, and she won't be fussy if they won't. Mamma De Brancome's one of them romantic dispositions that expects some day to get a chance to steal a lot of money in a way that nobody will ever know. That story about the woman leaving \$200,000 on a train coming in from Larchmont made her want us to take a little place in the country right away. She says she may be as stout as Mrs. Pepper, but she's got a better figure, and if she knew any rich old widows she'd start spinning."

Itualistic seances at the flat, with 'Little Bright Eyes' on the job. "I don't want to take no responsibility in the flat. I don't own the flat, and Amy cries when the bill collectors are impudent and Puss Montgomery makes too free with them. We need Mamma De Brancome to meet them at the door, firm and dignified, and telling them she'll have it for them Wednesday afternoon for sure. And Wednesday afternoon we give Violet, the colored maid, her day out and we can all go to a matinee. Thank goodness, bad as bill collectors are, they won't work overtime; they never come around at night. And you can entertain your friends without any threats at the door that the furniture will be taken away without fail if all arrears is not promptly paid.

"We thought if we took in the first nights again it might bring Mamma De Brancome back to realize that there was no royal road to get rich quick and if we was broke and yet was there wearing just as good clothes as anybody else, maybe the others was there just as broke as we was. And this is a great comfort.

"I just love first nights. A bunch is there that don't pay for their seats, and the producers think they can dope out from these boosters plugging the production just how good it's making. At the end of the second act there is loud cries of 'Author! Author!' even if it's a Shakespearean revival.

"If the author is alive he's there. He says he simply won't go on and

stutter his thanks and break down with emotion at the gratifying reception his feeble effort has met with. The manager tells him 'It's a hit! They'll be calling for you!' But the author shakes his head and says he's always been against the curtain speech thing. Not for worlds would he go on. The play's the thing, he says. It must stand and fall upon its merits, and the well-earned approbation of friends is flattering, but it's no criterion. No sir, no author is going to do, trade his personality. Not for millions would he go on and thank the audience for its kind applause!

"But he's there with a clean shave and a crush hat and his open faced evening clothes, and as it nears the climax of the big scene in the second he's edging toward the wings, trying to remember his impromptu speech of thanks.

"The boosters shout and stamp, the theatrical lobbygoers that run errands for the managers, the town-land ushers, the people who hope to catch a few something they are interested in will have a chance of being put on is all lined up at the back, beating the dust out of the upholstery.

"A couple of other authors is there. One of them says, 'Stage history is being made this night!' Another says, 'The strongest thing in years!' Rival managers inquire casually if they can get a twenty-five per cent. interest in it for twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course they ain't got that much money, but it's a good offer.

"The author is pulled on to the stage. He's only a strong man. What can he do in the hands of the high-strung star, who weighs over ninety pounds, who pulls him by main force from where he stands with his nose peering out the first entrance? Sssh! He's speaking. More applause and the manager is dragged on, too.

"Meanwhile, between the acts, a procession of men, wearing the expressions of undertakers on a solid silver handle job, walk up and down the aisles. These are the critics. They never speak to any one, they only bow to each other. Nobody knows what they think! Some people think they never think. But a trusty theatrical messenger boy, who imagines he's a manager, has followed them to a gin mill and comes back and reports that Acton Davis has taken a high ball, and that's a good sign; and that Alva Dele is smoking cork tips, and that's another.

"There's nothing to it! It's a dollar-mark success! says the management's friends. And then in the morning the papers pan the play to pulp.

"If I ever had a play put on it would be me to the woods, eh?"

"Well, I don't know, kid. Life is short, and an ovation is an ovation. I guess I'd be there, and back on the stage to see that everything went right. But they couldn't drag me on! Not for worlds! Unless, of course, I felt sure that it was a hit."

The Fall Lid. By Maurice Ketten.

